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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 495
EDITORIALS:
Wet or Dry? 497
South Carolina's Shame 497
Mr. Coolidge, the Election, and the Future 498
A Nation Gone Mad? 499
Airplanes and Safety 500
THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon 501
THE OUTCOME IN THREE STATES:
California's New Governor. By George P. West 502
Progressive Wisconsin Wins and Loses. By Robert S. Allen 502
Illinois Votes for Corruption. By Chester C. Nash, Jr. 503
WHAT COST MUSSOLINI? By Oswald Garrison Villard 503
THREE BLACK WOMEN. By Rebecca Hourwich 505
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 507
CORRESPONDENCE 507
BOOKS, MUSIC, PLAYS:
Pure Death. By Robert Graves 509
Tiresias. By Allen Tate 509
Chiefly Debits. By Robert Wolf 509
The Minds of Yesterday. By Paul Weiss 510
Peace in the Schools. By H. E. Buchholz 510
The Nation's Poetry Prize 511
Children's Books in Brief 511
Music: Mrs. Coolidge. By Henrietta Straus 512
Drama: Ibsen Restated. By Joseph Wood Krutch 513
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
New Zealand's Family Dole. By T. Walsh 516
An Editor's Farewell 518

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IGNORANCE, INTOLERANCE, DISCOURTESY—we can imagine these words embossed in gold, hanging above the desk of the Secretary of State of the United States. His latest act in the spirit of this wall-motto is the exclusion of Alexandra Kollontai, Russian Ambassador to Mexico, who applied in Berlin for an American visa so that she might land in New York and pass through the United States on her way to Mexico City. Mr. Kellogg has displayed these qualities on other occasions—notably in refusing admission to the Count and Countess Karolyi, hinting ridiculously that they might be Communist propagandists. His present performance is more explicable and more serious. Mme Kollontai *is* a Communist. This gives the State Department its public excuse for refusing a visa. But it is a poor one. In the United States are numerous Russian Communists who came in properly equipped with passports and visas. They are here on business. They lunch with bankers and make deals with American business men. No State Department official questions their presence or pretends that they are making Communist propaganda. Mme Kollontai is no more dangerous to our sacred institutions than are they. Mr. Kellogg has excluded her from the country for one reason: she is an official diplomatic representative of the Soviet Government. Her desire to pass through the United States gave him an opportunity to offer additional evidence of his solemn disapproval of the Workers' Government of Russia. As Senator Borah has pointed out in a vigorous denunciation of Kellogg's act, this sort of deliberate effrontery is "intolerable and unjustifiable."

SUICIDE, SAID DANIEL WEBSTER, is confession. So, too, is resignation—on occasion. One of those was the resignation of Judge George W. English of St. Louis, who wrote to the President in the following words: "I have come to the conclusion, on account of the impeachment proceedings against me, regardless of the final result thereof, that my usefulness as a judge has been seriously impaired." Marvelous perspicacity! And what a delicate sense of the fitness of things! Surely, in his entire judicial career nothing has so become Judge English as the leaving of it. He has thereby spared the country the expense of at least $100,000 for his trial on the charges of abusing his judicial powers and misuse of bankruptcy funds, a case which would have taken up a vast amount of the time of the Senate at a special session. And the bench is rid of one of those who disgrace it. Perhaps Judge Webster Thayer of Massachusetts, as to whose temperamental unfitness there is also little doubt although his personal character seems beyond suspicion, will now be good enough to follow suit.

SPEAKING OF JUDGE THAYER reminds us that one hundred members of the Paris Bar, including many famous lawyers and politicians of all shades of politics and opinions, have signed a petition asking for the immediate release of Sacco and Vanzetti—further striking testimony of the international character this case has assumed and how deeply it is affecting the American reputation for justice in foreign countries. "By enduring," these French lawyers write, "for fifty-four months the terrible strain of daily expectation of capital punishment, these men have thereby gained the right of freedom even if they are guilty." Of this we hope the Governor of Massachusetts will take due notice. He certainly cannot have overlooked a recent editorial on this case in the Boston *Herald*, a paper which can surely not be charged with truckling to labor or having the slightest symptoms of radicalism in its make-up. The *Herald* carefully explains that it has no sympathy with the views of Sacco and Vanzetti but in its opinion they "ought not to be executed on the warrant of the verdict returned by a jury on July 14, 1921." As the months have merged into years and the debate over this case has continued, the *Herald* has been compelled to reverse its position and abandon its original judgment that the men were guilty. The final straw was the recent decision of Judge Thayer, beginning with his misstatement, not to say falsification, that the Supreme Court of Massachusetts had approved the verdict of the jury. If the Massachusetts Bar only had among its members men of the spirit of Wendell Phillips and others of abolition days, there would be some uncomfortable hours ahead of Judge Thayer.

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MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS in England are not always indications of the drift of public sentiment, but those that have just been concluded have naturally roused great interest because of the recent general strike and the bitternesses aroused by the coal strike. It was supposed, of course, that there would be a Conservative and Liberal reaction away from Labor. Instead, Labor made sweeping gains in more than three hundred cities and boroughs in England and Wales. Only a few boroughs on the outer rim of London moved in the other direction. Labor gained no less than 161 seats, with only 21 losses; the Conservatives won 15 and lost 78, the Liberals won 8 and lost 53. The *Manchester Guardian* has pointed out that the most significant successes of Labor are in the North of England and the North Midlands. Altogether, these elections reinforce the statement made in our columns by the former Prime Minister, J. Ramsay MacDonald, that Labor has profited politically and not lost by the general strike and its aftermath. Every by-election since last spring has confirmed this. Three more vacancies, one caused by the resignation of Lieutenant Commander Kenworthy as a Liberal, and two in Conservative seats, will shortly afford another test. The fact that England faces the winter with an entirely inadequate coal supply, and that the coal strike is not yet settled at this writing, are other reasons why the drift to Labor is so marked.

EMORY R. BUCKNER, United States Attorney, announces that in December he will retry former Attorney General Harry Daugherty and former Alien Property Custodian Thomas W. Miller. The announcement does him credit and relieves Mr. Buckner from any suggestion that political motives might interfere with active prosecution of the case. Mr. Daugherty and Mr. Miller already stand convicted before the bar of public opinion; if they have the belief in themselves which they assert they must this time take the witness-stand in their own defense. Men who destroy ledger-sheets on bank holidays, men who happen to be discovered in possession of bonds which were paid to other men substantially as bribes, must do some tall explaining if the public is to be relieved of its suspicion. Friends of the two men insist that they obtained and used the mysterious bonds in order to help pay off the Republican campaign deficit of 1924. That may be; but it should be offered in evidence and sustained on the witness-stand, not whispered—or even printed—out of court.

THERE SEEMS to be a growing bureaucratic arrogance and stupidity in this country. A Polish girl who had lived sixteen years in the United States arrived at Ellis Island. She had lost her entrance permit on the way. The authorities held her on Ellis Island, investigated, discovered that the permit had been issued to her, and—ruled that since she did not have it with her she must be deported! Two British subjects came to Kentucky from Canada two years ago (after an American consul had informed them they needed no papers), played in various orchestras, married, took out citizenship papers—and then one afternoon were thrown into jail without warning by a petty official who charged them with illegal entry to the United States. They had, it seems, violated the contract-labor law by answering from Toronto an advertisement in the *Billboard*. There was no suggestion of bad faith, nothing but ignorant violation of a technicality, but the arrogant little office-holder put them in jail. Such officials should be removable for cause, and should be removed without delay. In the first case an editorial in the New York *World* brought a prompt revision of the ruling; in the second case the brave editorials of the Lexington *Herald* have not yet achieved justice or decency.

THE RECENT OUTBREAK in the Tombs, in which the warden and several prisoners were killed, has led many persons to clamor again for still more stringent laws in dealing with criminals. It may be, however, that the stringency of existing legislation is the cause of such desperate breaks for freedom. When a man convicted of four felonies, no matter what their nature or how many years may have elapsed between the first three and the last, must be sentenced to prison for life, it would seem that legislation had become about as severe as was necessary. Under the Baumes law, recently enacted in New York State, a judge is apparently compelled to sentence a fourth offender for life; no juristic discretion is permitted. And under the same law, sentences have become grotesquely distended, until a judge hands out forty years as casually as if it were a month in the workhouse. Judge Franklin Taylor, of Brooklyn, is in process of testing the mandatory character of this law. He has refused to impose a life sentence on a man guilty of stealing $11 from his employer. The prisoner has served terms at a truancy school, at Elmira Reformatory, two terms of a year each for petit larceny, and ten years for burglary. But his employer was ready to give him another trial, and Judge Taylor refuses to treat him as a permanent criminal and menace to society and lock him up for life. Meanwhile we are every day having an opportunity to test the efficacy of these laws. Severe sentences are being imposed daily. Does it appear that crime is decreasing?

IN APPLAUDING the four-times-chosen Governor "Al" Smith as a phenomenon unique in New York State's history the newspapers forgot De Witt Clinton. That gentleman was continuously in public life from 1798 until his death, thirty years later. He began his career—after certain preliminaries in the Revolutionary War—as member of the New York State Assembly, where he served only a few months, resigning to enter the State Senate. From this he graduated to the Senate of the United States in 1802; his term here was also of the briefest, since he left in a year. From 1803 until 1807, from 1808 till 1810, and from 1811 to 1815 he was Mayor of New York City. During this time he also served as member of the State Council of Appointment (1801 and 1806), as State Senator from 1806 to 1811, and as Lieutenant Governor from 1811 to 1813. He received 89 out of 217 votes for President in 1812. He organized and headed the Erie Canal Commission from 1810 to his death, with one year's intermission, and he was thrice elected Governor of New York for a three-year term—1817, 1820, and 1825—in which office he died. This dizzying career will be a hard one for Governor Smith and New York State to beat, since we no longer encourage the holding of two offices at once, but there is still time. If New York lends its "Al" to the nation for a while, New York will want him back again. By the time the largest city in the country stops voting for him, De Witt Clinton may look like a piker.

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Wet or Dry?

ONE certain thing emerges above the hubbub of conflicting claims as to the meaning of the Wet-and-Dry contests at the polls: Prohibition is not a dead issue.

Eight States voted directly on Prohibition issues, and in other local contests the Wet issue played a stellar role. Missouri, California, and Colorado turned down proposals to repeal the State enforcement laws—Colorado by the surprisingly small majority of 20,000; Missouri by 100,000 in a total vote of three-quarters of a million; California by a close vote in a very heavy balloting. Montana, on the other hand, by a majority of 10,000 in a total vote of about 100,000, voted to repeal her enforcement law; Nevada, with a total vote of barely 10,000, voted nearly four to one to memorialize Congress to repeal the Prohibition Amendment; Wisconsin, by more than two to one, urged Congress to amend the Volstead Act to permit the manufacture and sale of beer containing 2.75 per cent of alcohol. Illinois and New York voted on referenda urging Congress to permit the States to define what constitutes an intoxicating liquor. In Illinois the vote was almost two to one for the proposal; in New York it carried with the tremendous majority of 1,200,000, sweeping most of the up-State counties where the Drys were reputed to be strong.

"If popular government means anything," "Al" Smith, who rode to victory on a Wet wave, commented, "the State referendums cannot fail to influence Congress." The Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals retorts with a careful canvass of Congress. The Senate, it reports, has 73 Dry members and only 22 Wet; the House has 311 Drys, 106 Wets, and 18 doubtful members. So, it concludes, the country is quite safe for Prohibition, newspaper shouts to the contrary notwithstanding.

Certainly the results do not all point one way. There is no Wet tidal wave sweeping from one coast to the other, and in plenty of States the results can be interpreted either way, according to personal inclination. Massachusetts, for instance, elected the Wet David Walsh to replace the Dry Mr. Butler in the Senate, but it gave an impressive majority to Alvan Fuller, who was as Dry as his Republican colleague, Mr. Butler, over Mr. Gaston, who was more vociferously Wet than Senator Walsh. The early Wet victories from the California cities were more than offset by the heavy Dry vote of the rural districts. The cynical answer that the farmers are profiting too much by the high price of Prohibition wine grapes to want a change is not sufficient; the country districts of America are unquestionably overwhelmingly Dry in sentiment.

Yet there is no question that the results reveal a significant and growing dissatisfaction with the working of the Prohibition laws. The States which voted Wet in this election cast one-third of the total vote for President in 1924; they are the leading industrial States of the Union. Rhode Island and Maryland are certainly also Wet; and if Mr. Wilson, who fought Representative Vare in Pennsylvania, had been Wet instead of Dry he might have made an even more impressive showing. The referenda must be heeded as a sort of weather-vane. We look for more referenda, and welcome them. The issue of Prohibition needs more discussion and more clarification. It is the livest issue in American politics today.

South Carolina's Shame

TO Walter White, assistant secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, goes the credit for unearthing one of the ghastliest stories in American history. This young man, who has already distinguished himself in various Southern States by investigating race riots and lynchings that reflected discredit on local and State officials, went down to Aiken, S. C., alone, to find himself in the most lawless and brutal district that he had ever visited. The result of his investigation he communicated to Governor McLeod in a letter that might well have scorched His Honor's hands as he held it. Reminding the Governor of his promise to "do everything in my power to get at the truth in this matter and to fix the guilt upon the proper parties," Mr. White furnished details of the lynching, and ended with a list of names, occupations, and addresses of a score of men who took part in it.

The data which Mr. White gathered in his courageous and careful search can, he declared, be amply substantiated by various citizens of Aiken whenever the Governor will guarantee them immunity from the wrath of the Ku Klux Klan. According to Mr. White, the Klan engineered the lynching, and effectively controls the community. But the State militia is at the Governor's call. The good name of South Carolina is in shadow; protection can be furnished if Governor McLeod wants it.

A law-abiding and industrious family of Negroes, the Lowmans, were accused of selling whiskey. A sheriff and four deputies, in plain clothes and with nothing to distinguish them as officers of the law, approaching the Lowman house, terrified the mother and her daughter, and brought about a fracas in which the mother was killed, the daughter Bertha and a son Clarence seriously wounded by gunshots, another son, Demon, shot but not seriously hurt, and the sheriff killed. Seventeen days after the affair five of the Lowmans were put on trial for murder, with lawyers for the defense appointed by the judge. Bertha, Demon, and Clarence were found guilty, the two boys being sentenced to death and the girl to imprisonment for life. So outrageous was this trial that a Negro lawyer in South Carolina was able to present to the State Supreme Court a brief that resulted in a new trial. At the second hearing of the case, Demon was found not guilty. Within one hour of the reversal of the verdict persons as far away as Columbia knew that the Lowmans would be lynched that night. And they were.

Mr. White, in his extraordinary story, which is now being substantially repeated by the New York *World*, charges that, far from being overpowered, Sheriff Nollie Robinson opened the prison doors and helped to drag Bertha Lowman downstairs to her death. Officials of the law and relatives of high South Carolina officials were present at the bestial lynching. Here is the real shame of the South. Not that a bunch of hoodlums disguised in sheets and pillow-cases can carry off a defenseless Negro and kill him, but that officers of the law, sworn to uphold the law, too often actually aid the murderers of the prisoners they have sworn to protect. The Governor of South Carolina is faced with a task which he cannot shirk. He must prove these charges false or he must bring the guilty persons to justice. Else he stamps himself as unworthy of office and his State as unworthy of the Union.

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Mr. Coolidge, the Election, and the Future

SO Mr. Coolidge believes that he and his Administration were not defeated at the polls. At least that is the assurance he gave to the correspondents three days after the election. He had lost control of the Senate? Yes, but you see that had to do only with personal and local issues. The only national part of the election related to the House of Representatives, and there his party kept control albeit his majority sank from 59 to 37 and the latter figure counts the eleven insurgent Congressmen from Wisconsin as Republicans. So the President rests in peace and is not even troubled by the fact that his own State administered an overwhelminig defeat to Senator Butler, his Man Friday, his national chairman, his sponsor, and his chief supporter in Massachusetts.

Now we do not deny that there was no single compelling national issue in this election and that the several Senatorial contests did hinge upon such matters as the corruption in Indiana, Illinois, and Pennsylvania, the dry-Republican bolt from Wadsworth in New York, and other questions. But in his own State Mr. Coolidge himself made the issue perfectly clear; he demanded the return of Senator Butler, whereas in all other States he refused to interfere in the contests. He went to his old home to vote for the Senator, and he allowed that gentleman to make his whole campaign upon the necessity of supporting the President. Mr. Coolidge himself wrote that Senator Butler's presence in the Senate "is of great importance to me in my efforts to discharge the duties of my office," and he assured his State that in the Senate Mr. Butler "holds a place which no one else could command for Massachusetts, admired for his wisdom, respected for his integrity"! Among the many Republican spellbinders who came from outside of Massachusetts, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt the Lesser asserted that the defeat of Butler would be a slap in the President's face. Whereupon the electorate rose in its might and slapped Mr. Coolidge's face with a Walsh majority of 54,955. Yet Massachusetts is normally Republican and Mr. Coolidge is supposedly its favorite son. The Butler campaign began more than a year ago and was fortified by unlimited money and the support of some of the most influential dailies—and Butler was defeated. If this was not a direct and personal rebuke for the President, what in the world could be?

Again, disguise it as Mr. Coolidge will, the loss of control of the Senate is still another blow to the Administration. It is idle to assert that the President is happy to have a divided Congress. Negative as his personality and policies are, Mr. Coolidge knows that he will be largely judged in 1928 by his achievements during the next two years. That is already proved by his sudden proposal to return to the income taxpayers next year as a rebate their final income-tax payment of 1926—a move hailed in both Republican and Democratic camps as entirely political. But the President cannot stop there. To what else will he "point with pride" in June, 1928? More than that, the control of the Senate has passed to men who are far more dangerous to him and to his policies than the Democrats, who are the merest shadow of an opposition, wholly without constructive leadership. The balance of power now rests with the group of Republican Progressives who, together with Senator Shipstead, the Farmer-Labor Senator, constitute the hope of political progress today. Norris, La Follette, Nye, Frazer, and Shipstead are now reinforced by Brookhart of Iowa and Blaine of Wisconsin, with whom will stand at times, on varying issues, Borah, Couzens, and Howell, Republicans, and Wheeler and Dill, Democrats. It is with them that the President will have to reckon.

In the hands of these men now lies the moral leadership of Congress. It is to them that we must look for aggressive action against the beneficiaries of corruption who will shortly be knocking at the portals of the Senate. Borah and Norris are already at work upon plans to prevent their being seated; in the face of this monstrous buying of primaries and elections the President has sat silent, or spoken mildly through the "Spokesman." It is Senator Norris who, in a degree, has redeemed the reputation of his party by opposing Mr. Vare on the stump, and by calling attention to the fact that in 44 election districts in Philadelphia not a single vote was counted for Mr. Vare's opponent, William B. Wilson. These Progressives are the only Senators who dare to speak out against the rule of wealth in this country, who dare to believe that the United States merits a better fate than to be ruled by a super-government of big business, who are ready to uphold at all times the old Progressive standards which stirred and thrilled the voters from the accession of Mr. Roosevelt until this country entered the World War. Mr. Coolidge knows full well that he cannot buy or bribe by office these insurgents. He must also realize that they are now not only able to say what bills shall or shall not be passed; they will be in a position to challenge his every executive act with an authority they have hitherto lacked. What chance is there now for putting over a Muscle Shoals deal, save by the aid of Democratic votes? There is every prospect that the President's executive acts will be more carefully studied and more freely criticized where criticism is needed than heretofore in his career.

What use will the Progressive Senators make of their power? If we can appeal to them it is in the direction of urging them to unite upon a program and to map out a consistent policy for the next two years. They must themselves be the opposition the country so sorely needs. It is they who must focus the spotlight of publicity upon the White House and reveal its pretenses and its shams. It is they who can now draw for the public, the public which has administered his first defeat to the President, the true portrait of Calvin Coolidge. If they are wise they will do their utmost to prevent the President's renomination for a third term. This Massachusetts election, which has removed from the Senate one of the most harmful of our reactionaries, should set men's tongues free in other camps also. The fear of the President's power and patronage may now pass. If so, that will be one of the greatest benefits of the election. We are, of course, not so optimistic or inexperienced as to believe that we shall make great progress during the next two years. But the removal of men like Butler, and Ernst, and Wadsworth, the militarist, from Washington is clear gain, and the strategic position of the Progressives a promise of vigorous stirring in what would otherwise be an utterly arid political desert.

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A Nation Gone Mad

"FASCISM accepts the law and the judges only on condition that their sentence be death," announced Filipo Turati, secretary-general of the Fascisti when the new court-martial system for smashing anti-Fascism was announced. This puppy-Mussolini was but remouthing the phrases which the big dog Mussolini had taught him; and all over Italy still smaller puppies are repeating the same phrases of contempt for the ordered processes of civilization. Italy today is a state whose rulers have, literally, outlawed themselves, and the result is becoming plain. When a half-crazed boy fired a pistol at Mussolini in Bologna the crowd, like a mob of American lynchers, tore the lad's body to pieces; and the passionate followers revenged their leader by smashing two thousand houses and killing a hundred citizens in other towns of Italy. Thus Fascism asserted its devotion to Italy. That among the houses wrecked was the home and library of the philosopher Benedetto Croce, perhaps the greatest living Italian, mattered not at all. Whether the hundred dead men were even members of anti-Fascist organizations no one knows; it was enough for these bloodthirsty patriots that they killed somebody. They were following the battle-cry of their leader and treading "on the rotten corpse of liberty."

Sometimes the Fascisti stop to formulate their anarchic code in so-called laws. Following the latest attempt upon the Duce's life the Cabinet Council approved a series of "emergency decrees" which, according to the Rome correspondent of the New York *Times*, included:

> The death penalty for anyone attempting the life of the sovereign or the head of the State, or guilty of treason, espionage, or armed rebellion; dissolution of all parties, associations, or organizations carrying on activity against the Fascist regime, with three to ten years' imprisonment for anyone attempting to reconstitute such organizations after their dissolution, and two to five years' imprisonment for anyone belonging to them or spreading their programs or doctrines; and five to fifteen years' imprisonment for anyone spreading abroad false or exaggerated news about conditions in Italy.

Trials for such offenses will henceforth be conducted as courts martial. Anyone reported to have sent abroad any news of internal conditions which might "impair the credit or prestige of the State abroad" is to be turned over forthwith to a special court composed of five Fascist officers ranking as colonels or higher, with a general as presiding officer. Henceforth no news is to go out of Italy except good news; no criticism of administration, no hint of uncertainty. And, to facilitate matters still further, a new office of political investigation, free from any interference by trained police officials, is to be built up around the local offices of the Fascist militia and given a free hand to cope with the party's opponents. And, to make matters still surer, all opposition papers and periodicals are, quite simply, suppressed. The old technique—which some Fascists have imported into America and used on opposition papers here—of smashing press machinery is deemed inadequate; henceforth there will be no opposition presses to smash.

Now if Italy could keep her Fascists at home and confine their activity to killing each other, the rest of the world might stand by appalled but unconcerned for itself. But Mussolini's regime refuses to let the rest of the world alone, or to leave in peace those of Italy's citizens who have managed to escape abroad. Mussolini has repeatedly gone beyond the normal limits of diplomatic courtesy in complaining that France gave asylum to political exiles faithful to the traditions of Mazzini and Cavour; recently we have had a hideous revelation of the machinations behind those pronouncements. Mussolini's agents have actually financed anti-Fascist plots in France in order to build up a case which might induce France to deliver to Fascist "justice" other opponents of the bloody regime. It was a sad moment for Italian patriots when Ricciotti Garibaldi, a grandson of the national hero, confessed that he had, with Mussolini's gold, adopted the role of *agent provocateur*. Nominally a leader among the anti-Fascists, he was in constant consultation with Mussolini's police officials, and turned over to them the clues by which they could arrest and do to death the men whom he incited to their anti-Fascist acts. The French police believe that they have discovered worse than this: Garibaldi was in consultation with the Catalonian patriots who recently attempted, from French soil, to organize an armed uprising in Spain. Fascist officers took part in this affair, and the French police assert that the Fascist interest in this minor revolution was due to the hope that it would arouse France to eject all the political exiles who now find refuge in Paris.

What Mr. Villard wrote of Mussolini six weeks ago, before his return from Europe (we print his What Cost Mussolini? much delayed, elsewhere in this issue) is even truer today than it was then. Wars have been fought in the past on lesser issues than this provocation of rebellion on the soil of friendly nations. Who can feel safe when such an unscrupulous gang reigns over one of the great nations of Europe? Such measure of practical success in administration as it may temporarily achieve only aggravates the danger, for it is twisted into an invitation to other nations to adopt the same methods of government by the despotic rule of an arbitrary clique. Mussolini's technique in smashing opposition by ruthless decrees and obscene practices is borrowed in part from the worst days of medieval tyranny, but it is garnished with up-to-the-minute modernisms which appeal to the little dictators of the Balkans. For the moment the emotion seems in itself to have a splendid meaning; but the illusion fades, and the nation is left exhausted and disillusioned. After Mussolini Italy will have to go through a reconstruction more depressing than the black years through which Western Europe has been recovering from its war-time debauch.

Italians are still Italians. No nation in Europe has a richer history or more glorious traditions. But, for the moment, the nation seems to have gone mad. It tolerates the excesses of the homicidal maniacs who are Fascism's high priests, and millions of Italians today glory in them. France seems, happily, to have reacted from the threat of Fascism. But across the map of Europe Pilsudski is apparently attempting to reduce Poland to another one-man government—his new press laws rival Mussolini's in their severity toward men who dare to criticize their rulers. Will the recent orgy of murder in Italy, followed by the exposure of the dastardly use of Garibaldi's grandson as an *agent provocateur*, start a revulsion?

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Airplanes and Safety

A WHOLE year of commercial flying without a single accident of any kind involving injury to passengers during the year for which he reported was the proud boast of Sir Eric Geddes at the second general meeting of the Imperial Airways, Limited, the company which has now control of all the English flying lines. To Americans who have read of three accidents in the cross-Channel flying during the past summer, Sir Eric Geddes's statement seems incredible, but it is the truth. Of the three planes that came to grief while flying between London and Paris, two were French; the third, an English one, dropped into the Channel, its passengers being rescued just in time by a trawler, so that Sir Eric Geddes can still maintain that no passenger on an Imperial Airways plane has lost his life or been injured during the last eighteen months of flying. When it is considered that the German lines comprised within the Lufthansa and its allies make a similar boast that no passenger has ever lost his life or been seriously injured while flying with them, it is obvious that aviation has made enormous strides in the direction which counts most, except for the French and Franco-Rumanian lines. The German records show that last year 142 German planes flew 3,125,000 miles, carrying more than 55,000 passengers without injury. During the last five months alone they have flown 2,500,000 miles and carried safely 56,000 passengers. During the last twenty-one months the British planes have flown 2,000,000 miles and carried 56,000 passengers. Sir Robert Donald has just commented in the *Referee* upon the almost complete absence of accidents in the German service, and reports that the Red Cross emergency station at the great Tempelhofer Feld in Berlin has never been called into service.

Throughout his speech as chairman of the British company, Sir Eric Geddes emphasized the factor of safety. The Airways standard of maintenance he declared to be the "highest in the world." He even explained the company's unfavorable financial statement, which showed an operating loss of $108,500, by the notation that it was in considerable part due to the company's voluntary withdrawal from service of one-engine airplanes and their replacement by multi-engine machines, of greater power and capacity, which insure greater safety. Although the single-engine planes were excellent, he said, they have been taken off in order to "provide the public with a service established on the safety and reliability principles of British transport organizations, believing that the company will without doubt reap the reward of its policy." This is business wisdom, for there can be no doubt that fear of accident still limits the use of the airplane service. There may be one series of accidents after another on the Continental railways, as happened last summer, but people continue to travel by railway as a matter of course and without anxiety. Yet a single airplane accident sets everyone to gasping and injuriously affects travel on all of the airlines, not merely on the one which was responsible. Eventually, of course, every risk must be eliminated; the latest experiments undertaken by the British Air Ministry show that the day of the fool-proof airplane is not far off.

Meanwhile, the Imperial Airways is steadily developing its service, believing that "the trial and adventure of air travel are passing"—as proof of which they cite the fact that they safely transported $45,000,000 worth of bullion and precious metals. They are now making through-ticket arrangements with all connecting lines—the first aerial airplane guide was issued last summer—since it is to the long-distance passengers that the company must look for the permanent development of its business. It is also continuing to open up new lines, and in January, 1927, expects to begin what is in some ways the most important service it has yet undertaken—the line from Cairo to Karachi in India. Toward this the British Government has granted an annual subsidy of $458,000. Each of the especially built airplanes will be fitted with three air-cooled motors and will be capable of maintaining flight easily with two engines only. The journey will occupy at first three and a half days, but as night flying is developed it will be cut further. Sir Eric Geddes was particularly happy to announce that not only will Sir Samuel Hoare, the Secretary of State for Air, be a passenger in the first Cairo-Karachi airplane, with his personal staff, but he will be accompanied by his wife. No more striking tribute, Sir Eric thought, could be given to his organization, for this will be by far the longest air journey ever undertaken by any woman. Certainly public confidence in this form of travel is aided by such use of the lines by distinguished persons. It is this sort of support by his Government, although the subsidies it pays are only half or less than half of those paid in Germany and France, which emboldened Sir Eric Geddes to prophesy that the European services of the company will be entirely self-supporting during this fiscal year. Indeed he believes that if it had not been for the strike, his financial showing would have been far more satisfactory.

While this marvelous development goes on abroad, America lags. There is not one established passenger line in the United States, and yet, because of its enormous distances, this is the country, beyond all others, which could profit most by the new form of transportation. The small city of Halle in Germany has no less than fifteen airplane departures and arrivals in a single day. Any inhabitant of that city can leave in the morning and arrive in Paris or Zürich or Rotterdam or London or Stockholm or Copenhagen or Hamburg or Cologne or Breslau or Warsaw on the same day. There are three direct flights to Berlin and three to Leipzig and Breslau. For the more distant points, such as Warsaw, Stockholm, and London, it is necessary, of course, to change airplanes, but they come and go with a regularity and a safety which no one can appreciate who has not traveled by these lines or personally examined the service they offer. Sir Robert Donald declares that the Lufthansa is taking steps to obtain a monopoly of air transport toward the East and Asia. They have already, in cooperation with the Soviet Government, opened up lines to Kovno and Moscow and to Siberia, and are supplying machines to the Europa Union, which dominates Russia and Asia. They are now operating two sleepers, night planes specially built, which not only compare favorably in comfort with railroad sleepers, but are also equipped with moving pictures and radio sets. Why is it that American enterprise lags in this field? At least it is gratifying to read that two lines for carrying parcels are planned by the American Railway Express.

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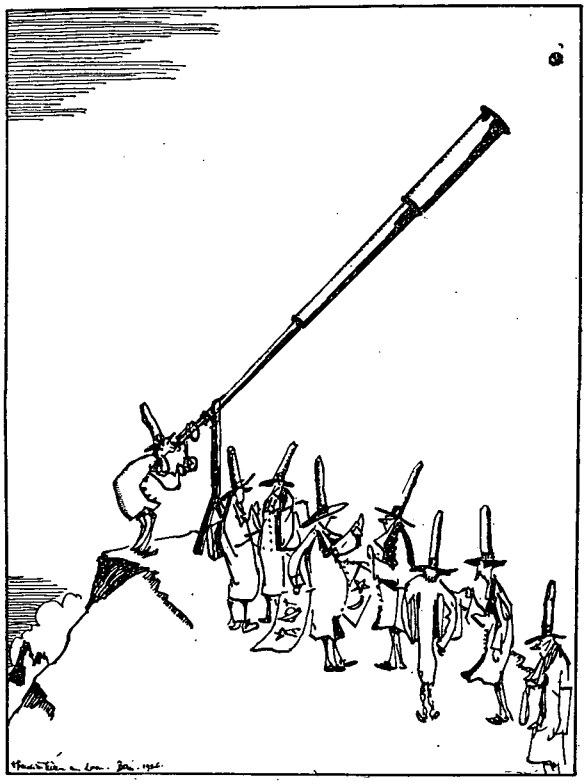
The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.

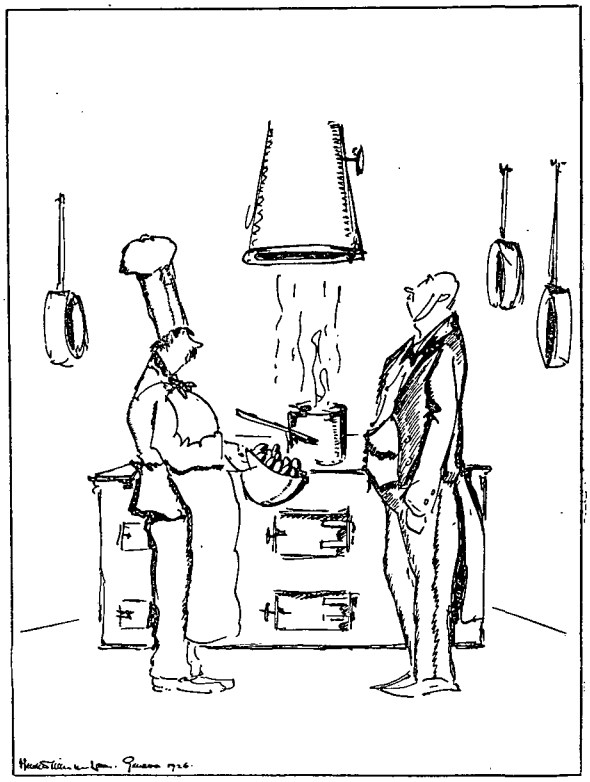
THE PILGRIM

"I am sorry, sir, but I cannot show you a passport."
"Mr. Debs, I hardly think it will be necessary."



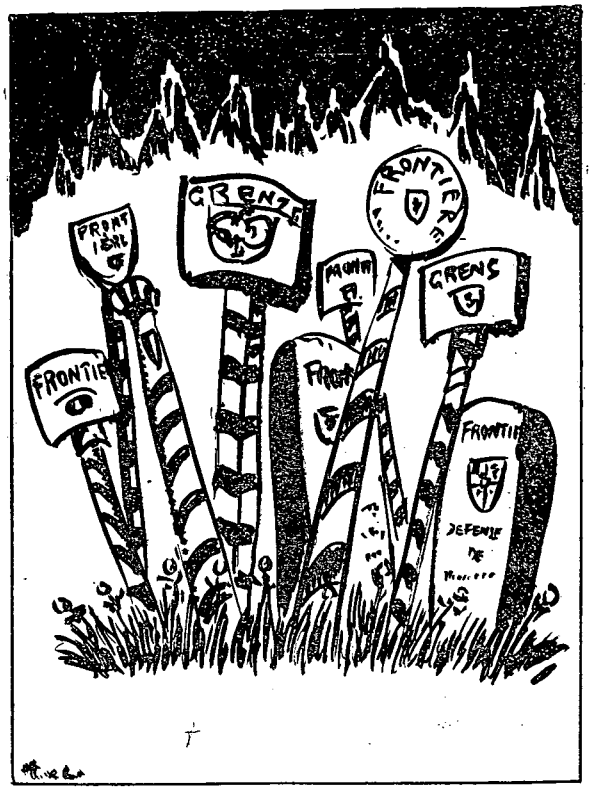
EXCITEMENT IN EUROPE

European astronomers claim to have discovered that the United States is on the planet earth.



BAD EGGS

The Cook of the Grand Hotel des League of Nations: *"Look here, more than half of those eggs are no good. How can I make a decent omelet?"*
The Headwaiter: *"Go ahead and try. The guests upstairs are doing the same thing."*



FRONTIERS

Nightmare of the man who went to Europe for a fortnight's pleasure trip.

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The Outcome in Three States

California's New Governor

By GEORGE P. WEST

San Francisco, November 5

FOR Governor, United States Senator, and other major offices the election in California merely confirmed the Republican primaries of August. The election of C. C. Young to succeed Friend Richardson as Governor and the reelection of Samuel M. Shortridge as United States Senator were assured by the primary. Shortridge, of course, continued to be a caricature, a theatrically perfect embodiment of the buncombe, evasion, and subserviency which is the cynic's idea of the perfect Senator. California did itself the honor of cutting down his normal Republican lead, although even here most of the credit goes to Dry support of his Democratic opponent rather than to any dissatisfaction with Shortridge's political and economic views. But part of the credit goes to John B. Elliott's stand in favor of public development of water-power and other liberal measures. The vote for Senator in 7,771 precincts out of 8,512 was 607,008 for Shortridge and 366,077 for Elliott. This is to be compared with a vote for Governor in 7,795 precincts of 755,482 for Young and 264,524 for Wardell, Democratic candidate for Governor on the same ticket with Elliott. Wardell, also a liberal, is a frank Wet. At least a hundred thousand voters in southern California regretfully abandoned their Republican allegiance to swat Sam Shortridge for one of his few public virtues—his lack of hypocrisy on the prohibition question.

In Young, California is getting what Robert L. Burgess of the San Jose *News* aptly calls a representative of left-wing Babbittry. Mr. Young was born in New Hampshire, came to San Francisco as a child, and for fourteen years taught English there in the Lowell High School. The 1906 earthquake sent him into the real-estate business in Berkeley, and he became an Assemblyman soon after, elected on the ticket of the Progressive and then militant Lincoln-Roosevelt League. He became Speaker of the Assembly and then Lieutenant Governor, an office he holds at the present time. As presiding officer of the House and later the Senate he has been fair, intelligent, judicial, and always to be found with the Hiram W. Johnson faction in a pinch. His New England caution and conservatism are combined with a long-standing belief in humanitarian and ameliorative legislation. But he has never spoken out on the Criminal Syndicalism Act, and as presiding officer has honorably escaped so many votes on important issues that in spite of his long public career his course is a matter of guesswork.

Public interest centered largely in the initiative-and-referendum proposals, of which there were thirty on the ballot. Defeat of the Wright act providing for prohibition enforcement by local peace officers by a majority of 107,000, heralded with glee in San Francisco on Thursday, turned into a victory by something over 55,000 on Friday when returns from Los Angeles and the McPherson belt began to come in. Similarly Los Angeles defeated a moderate gas-tax proposal, which would have assured adequate highway building. A measure authorizing the reading of the Bible in public schools was rejected by 70,000.

California branches of the American Civil Liberties Union have already begun a campaign for repeal of the Criminal Syndicalism Act. Upton Sinclair polled 34,629 Socialist votes for Governor in 7,795 precincts.

Progressive Wisconsin Wins and Loses

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

Madison, November 4

PROGRESSIVE Wisconsin emerged from its first general State election since the death of its great leader, Robert Marion La Follette, with what is on the whole an impressive victory. It sent to the United States Senate a second Progressive Senator, replacing a reactionary whom even the elder La Follette had been unable to defeat; returned to the House its ten Progressive Congressmen, and filled every State office, with the exception of the governorship, with Progressives, returning a legislature which will be controlled by liberal policies. Much ado has been made over the loss of the governorship. The reactionary press, particularly in Wisconsin, has had much to say about the disintegration of the Progressive Party. Yet with the old leader gone, with serious dissension and even desertion within the party ranks, the citizenship of the State remains steadfast in its liberalism. Even the reactionaries cannot deny that his claim of progressivism was what elected Fred R. Zimmerman to the office of governor.

The defeated candidate of the Progressive leaders, Attorney General Herman L. Ekern, was defeated by 50,000 votes. Ekern polled 175,000 of the usual Progressive strength of 225,000. Some 50,000 Progressives preferred Zimmerman and voted with the conservatives, some of whom in the past had not hesitated to rate Zimmerman as a "Socialist." The question now arises, what effect will the victory of Zimmerman have on the 1928 campaign when Senator La Follette must stand for reelection? Zimmerman will undoubtedly try in the next two years to create a strong machine and there are those who believe that he will contest for the Senatorial nomination two years hence. Should he not be the choice of the anti-La Follette wing it is understood that Congressman John Schafer, the only one of the Congressional delegation to support Zimmerman, will undertake the candidacy. While he did not in so many words urge Senator Lenroot's election in the campaign just ended, he did attack and denounce Governor Blaine and urge his defeat and was crafty enough to conceal his position until after the date of filing candidacies had passed, so that it was impossible for the Progressives to oppose him with another candidate. If the throngs which attended Senator La Follette's meetings during the campaign can be taken as a gauge of his popularity it will not be possible to defeat him in 1928. Whenever he spoke, whether by day or by night, in cities or in the country, he was cheered by great crowds who rushed up to him after the meeting to greet him personally. Even the reactionary Milwaukee *Journal* spoke wonderingly of these manifestations of regard.

As for Senator-elect Blaine, in view of the reports that he may follow in the footsteps of Lenroot and become conservative in Washington, it is worth recording Senator La

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Follette's opinion that "during his six years as Governor Mr. Blaine has never compromised with the reactionary forces of Wisconsin." By initiative and courage he has forced the tax-dodging corporations of this State to pay into the treasury $7,500,000 which they had endeavored to evade. He has thereby incurred the undying enmity of the powerful interests.

Illinois Votes for Corruption

By CHESTER C. NASH, JR.

Evanston, November 4

ILLINOIS voted—but the net result of the election was merely an expression of opinion on four important issues. This State has proclaimed to the world that just now it does not care to purge itself of unclean politics and that the nation must act on the issue of honesty and honest government raised by the primary-campaign funds. At least this State has wearied of Volsteadism and it appears to approve the action of the church triumphant in descending into petty politics.

First and foremost in this sad tale is the election of Colonel Frank L. Smith, the recipient of more than $150,000 of public utility funds while a candidate and while chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission, to the post of United States Senator from Illinois. The electors had two alternatives, George E. Brennan, a former ward-heeler, suddenly become Democratic king of the West, who promised to go to Washington and remove or ignore—he was never quite definite—the Eighteenth Amendment, and Hugh S. Magill, an honest independent Republican, untainted by corporation funds, experienced in statesmanship, and of unquestioned integrity. Colonel Smith won, the former ward-heeler was a close second, and the honest citizen a very, very bad third. The farm vote was a deciding factor. The Western Democratic boss carried Chicago and Cook County, but the out-State vote elected Colonel Smith. He polled 773,000, Brennan 717,000, and Magill only 147,000 votes.

This does not, however, end the story. There are many who believe that Colonel Smith will never take his seat. Even in Republican circles they are speculating as to whether if the Colonel should be refused entrance into the Senate his successor will be Governor Len Small or Fred Lundin, the old Republican power behind the polluted Republican throne, who will receive this honor. Decent Republicans everywhere are hoping that the report of Senator Reed's investigating committee and the determination of Senator Norris to prevent Colonel Smith's taking his seat will retire Senator-elect Smith to private life. It must be pointed out in this connection that many Republicans who do not approve of Smith's action voted for him in the fear that if they voted for Magill, Brennan, whom they consider a worse type, would be swept into office.

The referendum on prohibition was overwhelmingly carried by those in favor of the modification of Volsteadism. That the Wets would carry Chicago was a foregone conclusion, but what is surprising is the fact that the country vote put its stamp of approval on modification while defeating Brennan, the wet Senatorial candidate.

Finally, the election was graphic evidence of the church's adoption of petty politics. The organized church, represented by the Anti-Saloon League, backed the corporation-fed, "dry" Republican; the unorganized church, in the persons of a few isolated, conscientious leaders, backed honesty, integrity, and public service. The dollar won. It has thrown the church openly and unqualifiedly into an unsavory brand of politics and the future career of this new "bloc" may be watched with interest.

What Cost Mussolini?

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Paris, September 27

SAID an important American diplomat the other day: "I am little interested in what returning Americans tell me about the great improvement in outward conditions in Italy—that the trains are running on time, that the country has been cleaned up, that people are working, that there are law and order. Any tyrant can accomplish that. What I should like to know is what price Italy will pay for Mussolini about twenty-five or thirty years from now." The truth is, of course, that one can pay far too high a price for outward efficiency and order. Yesterday I met a tourist just in from Rome who is enthusiastic in his praise of the new Italian regime. He recited with the greatest satisfaction that the friend with whom he is traveling was fined twenty lire on a train near Milan because an official came through the car and found that the American had his shoes on the seat opposite. "And the streets! You should see how clean they are and how dirty they used to be!" So it goes on every hand here in Paris. American worshipers of efficiency, of the god of getting things done, as well as our captains of finance and industry, make the air resound with paeans of praise for the man who "has put everybody to work and saved Italy from Bolshevism." It never occurs to them to ask the price that is paid for these things.

These adulators of Mussolini never look below the surface. Is it true that Mussolini saved Italy from Bolshevism? There are many to dispute it. It is a slogan, a trade-mark, a catchword, and so it is eagerly snapped up. Ask people for particulars and they tell you of the attempt of the automobile workers and others to control their factories in Turin, and speak of the bomb explosion in the Diana Theater in Milan. Do they inquire whether everybody is really at work in Italy, and if so, how many days a year and at what rates of pay? No, indeed. The mere statement suffices. Does it ever occur to them to ask how many men are in prison as a result of Fascist activities, with or without charges being filed against them? Do they stop to inquire into Mussolini's personal record? Of course they don't do any of these things. If they did they would find that it is only six years since Mussolini was openly preaching anarchy and the destruction of all government; on the 6th of April, 1920, twelve months and eighteen days after the founding of Fascism, he wrote in his own paper, *Il Popolo d'Italia:* "Down with the state in all its forms and incarnations. . . . To us there remains

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only the consoling religion of anarchy." Probably 10,000 persons are in jail for having offended Fascism in one way or another, among them an Englishman who got eight months for saying in a restaurant, among other things, that he was tired of seeing Mussolini's "mug" on every wall. Do they ever stop to inquire, these enthusiastic Americans, as to the sources of their news about what Mussolini is doing and saying? Are they aware that the strictest kind of censorship exists in Italy, and that any man who criticizes the Dictator can be sent to jail for thirty months? Are they aware that Mussolini's speech or utterance, before being printed, has usually been revised and edited by the official press bureau?

If they have heard that the entire opposition press has been suppressed in Italy, they have forgotten it. They do not trouble to ascertain that no Italian daily dares to print an account of such a thing as the recent alleged attempt* upon the life of Mussolini until the story has been written precisely as Mussolini desires it to be told. They assume that Italy is content and happy because they hear no protests against what is going on, and they are not aware that he who criticizes the Dictator can immediately be sent to jail for months—jailed immediately with no possibility of rescue by a habeas corpus proceeding, or any other. In their laudation of Mussolini's law and order they remain in ignorance of the fact that the whole Italian judicial system smacks of the Middle Ages and is utilized by the Dictator to crush anyone who opposes his will. If they read of Italians of the highest standing, like Professor Salvemini, being deprived of their citizenship and all their property merely because of daring to criticize the despot, these Americans are not interested—no more than are our great financiers who rise at public luncheons and "bow down before the solemn and majestic and lonely figure of Mussolini." They do not look into the actual conditions of Italian finance and inquire, among many other things, why it is that the Government is having millions advanced to itself by the treasury with the distinct statement that, by virtue of a royal decree of June last, it shall not account for these millions. Finally, these Americans never take the time to inquire why it is that the Vatican is openly turning its guns upon Fascism, or to ascertain just what is the condition of the agricultural workers under the Mussolini regime. The indisputable facts as to the murder of Matteotti they do not care to know, or they pass the incident over as a trifling peccadillo of friends of the great and lonely and majestic figure.

The diplomat I quoted is right. The interesting thing is not what Mussolini may achieve in the six months or six years that may yet be his, but what is the price for this horrible strangling of liberty, this destruction of every vestige of democratic government, this brutal enslaving of a people for the exaltation of a megalomaniac who, in his speeches at least, is full brother to the ex-Kaiser. All Europe today is anxious as to what he may do tomorrow in international relations. He nearly wrecked the League of Nations three years ago by his assault on Corfu. His attacks upon Germany in regard to the agitation over the Tyrol and upon France for granting the right of political asylum to Italian refugees are samples of the way he keeps the chancelleries of Europe in turmoil. No one knows where he will break out next, or how. He is as adept in rattling the saber in its scabbard as was the Kaiser. Fascist leaders talk recklessly of war with Turkey or even with France. The danger is that in order to save himself he may resort to arms like other pinchbeck Napoleons. Meanwhile, he is the *enfant terrible* of Europe and all Europe is paying for him in increased nervous tension and uncertainty lest it pay also a fearful price in blood. Why has France placed three more divisions on the Italian boundary?

Whenever Mussolini falls, Italy will have to pay the piper. It will be lucky if it does not find its finances completely wrecked and its future heavily mortgaged. It will have laboriously to reconstruct the whole financial and economic structure of the state and the institutions of democracy which Mussolini has pulled down. It will have to revive the faith of the people in the processes of democracy. It will have to end government by fiat, government by passion, government by prejudice, government by corruption, government by brute force. It will find a people disappointed, disillusioned, and with much less courage for undertaking the remodeling of the state. At least the thousands of imprisoned political victims of the great and lonely and majestic figure will be released. The miseries and sufferings caused by the tyrant can never be undone or compensated for. But there can be a return to normal and civilized government even though it be less efficient on the surface. The alternative of such a people living for generations under the domination of a dictator and his successors is simply unthinkable. The world has its cycles of reaction, but it has also its cycles of revolution and evolution.

For Americans Mussolini is serving an extraordinarily useful purpose. You can measure a man's devotion to the democratic ideal and his belief in America's principles of government by the attitude that he takes toward Mussolini. If with some knowledge of what is actually happening in Italy an American still prefers the Mussolini type of government, he is plainly disloyal to our American political principles. Curiously enough, the adorers of Mussolini include primarily those who shouted loudest for war in order to make the world safe for democracy. They are the ones who cry most loudly against the dictatorship of the Bolsheviks in Russia at the moment they laud to the skies the dictatorship of a handful of Fascists. If the Bolsheviks should prove as successful outwardly as Mussolini, we may yet have our captains of industry and our casual tourists singing the praise of the men who may then have brought "order out of chaos" in Russia. Incidentally these American adorers of Mussolini have no time to waste on such happenings as the indictment of two of the Harding Cabinet for corruption in office. Why should they? Many of them subscribed to the eight-hundred-thousand-dollar memorial to the man who gave America the crookedest Cabinet in the history of the American Presidency. And they see nothing inharmonious in their ostentatious worship of the American Constitution and form of government and their loud-mouthed admiration for the majestic figure in Rome. They support public-school contests in oratory upon the subject of our Constitution and the advantages of our Congress over all others, while they whoop for joy when they hear that Mussolini has driven another nail into the coffin of Italian representative government. Let us hope that when the inevitable crash comes in Italy they will recognize the folly of their present position in supporting what a Fascist friend of mine, with unintentional humor, calls the "superdemocracy of Mussolini."

* This refers to the fifth attempt of September 11.

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Three Black Women

By REBECCA HOURWICH

Christina

WITH careless arrogance, a swish of running tires, and a swirl of car that scattered all the naked children, the Chief Magistrate of Zululand and his party stopped at the Mahashini kraal, the royal kraal of Solomon Dinizulu, King of the Zulus. Solemn awe, respect bordering on suspicion and fear, curiosity, and delight at strange visitors stamped all visible faces. One unruffled woman leaned against a fence, did not alter her position, watched all proceedings dispassionately, and registered a cynical amusement. Her attitude was more than sophisticated; it was regally poised.

"That," said Chief Magistrate Fynney, without waiting to be asked, "is Christina!" If Christina's bearing had failed to impress the tone of the Chief Magistrate was conclusive. Christina was a personage!

At close range she was charming, gracious, the perfect hostess in her blue Mother Hubbard and black shrouded head. For Christina garbed her body and soul in Christianity; but her spirit remained indomitable Zulu. That was her tragedy.

Christina learned at the mission church that Christians marry the men of their choice. Perhaps that was why she smiled and looked with favor on John, and loved John, a common sweep of the kraal. Meanwhile, Christina, sixteen, comely and shapely, was the subject of wily speculation among the elders of the tribe. Many a day they deliberated to which house they would affiance Christina, the prize of the tribe. After considerable negotiation a suitably important and well-placed groom was found, and the marriage arranged. Cetewayo, King of the mighty Zulus, whose word was law in the tribe, sent for his daughter Christina and informed her of the forthcoming marriage.

Christina announced she was a Christian and would marry only the man of her choice, John the common sweep. Cetewayo laughed at even the suggestion of such an alliance. John or no one was Christina's final word. But as days went by, and Christina remained obdurate despite the progress of arrangements for the marriage, Cetewayo, grim and threatening, endeavored to explain that a daughter of the royal house of Zulu can only marry a man of noble blood, a man of her own or approximate rank.

When Christina pined and sighed as do all lovesick maidens regardless of the color of their skins, Christina's malady and the reason for it came to the attention of the local missionary.

"What nonsense is this, Christina?" he asked. "You and John are fine young people, sturdy, honorable, and faithful members of the church. You will make a fine young couple. Leave the kraal; I will find work for you. Let me marry you."

"You don't understand," Christina assured him. "A Zulu cannot marry without the consent of the Zulu king. Win my father's consent, and John and I will be able to marry."

Promply the local missionary visited Cetewayo and urged the marriage of Christina and John, but with no success. Other missionaries heard of Christina's and John's romance, and went of their own accord to visit Cetewayo to win his consent to the marriage, but to one and all Cetewayo gave the same answer: "A daughter and sister of Zulu kings cannot marry a commoner."

Finally the Bishop heard of Christina and John and of their obstacle to happiness. "This is silly business and must end," said the Bishop, and forthwith ordered the marriage of Christina and John. Again Christina explained. "I want to marry John, and John wants to marry me, but I cannot marry without the consent of my king. Don't order me to marry; win the consent of my king."

So the Bishop journeyed to call upon the King of the Zulus. And the King of the Zulus, who is always a man well versed in the niceties of rank, appreciated the position of a dictator respected in the land of the ruling whites. He bowed before the Bishop, thanked him humbly for the honor conferred by the visit, showed him every courtesy of the kraal, and showered him with beadwork and skins. Gracefully and tactfully he expressed his regrets not to be able to grant the Bishop's request, but surely the Bishop would understand that laxity in the case of the King's daughter would be subservient of discipline to all the sons and daughters of the tribe? The Bishop's visit closed the church's active interest in the affairs of Christina and John.

Cetewayo died, and his son Dinizulu ruled in his stead. Christina appealed in vain to her brother. Dinizulu, too, died, while Christina and John remained unmarried. Solomon, Christina's nephew, many years her junior, now reigned. Solomon wears trig gabardine uniforms and a cocked military cap, and drives about in high-powered automobiles. It is rumored that Solomon does not take ancient tribal laws without a trace of humor. Christina appealed to him.

Solomon assured Christina that his sympathy was with her; that he would like to see her happy, but it could not be done at the sacrifice of respect for law and order: certain traditions had to be maintained. Did he not have forty wives, a strain on his time and attention, because the tribe expected it of him? Members of the royal family must bow to custom and put the interests of the tribe first. Christina had made a mistake, but it was not too late, for though she was getting old a good husband would be found for her; she had better forget John. Christina ceased asking permission to marry.

When I saw Christina she was nearly fifty. A few weeks before John had died. Neither one of them had ever married.

Christina, a daughter of the ancient house of Zulu, whose basic creed is be fruitful and multiply, had foregone the pleasure and prestige of family life. She had remained true to her lover, for she had loved no one else; she had remained faithful to her church, for she had refused to marry except at the dictates of her heart; she had remained loyal to her people, for she had refused to marry without the consent of her King.

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But not even Christina realized that her loyalty paled in significance beside her supreme independence, that she had pitted her own sense of right, and stood out alone against the most highly organized institutions of the country in which she had been born, the Christian church and the Zulu state.

Mrs. Tanga Jabavu

"IT must be a little difficult to be the wife of the only native professor in Africa," I ventured.

"Oh, Mrs. Jabavu makes life difficult for herself. She has many queer ideas, curious whims and notions. She is very eccentric, and I fear will ruin Jabavu's career. She is spoiled, ruined by undigested education in England. She got a lot of notions over there about what she calls the emancipation of women. Last year, when her child was only a baby, she left it and went to study in England. A married woman! She does not even see the absurdity of it."

The heavy, perspiring missionary paused, permitted himself a covert glance from my ankle to my knee, and continued with malignant assurance, poorly disguised by assumed hesitation.

"You will pardon me, but I feel that women of Mrs. Tanga Jabavu's age, of your age, ought to be giving the flower of their youth to insuring the progress of the race, to future generations. I do not think those are the years that a woman can afford to be away from her husband."

The missionary was only one of many who complained to me about the ridiculous Mrs. Tanga Jabavu.

Mrs. Jabavu was at home when I came to see her. Her home was a little larger than the average rondovel occupied by natives, but it was one nevertheless: a one-room, round, whitewashed, mud-and-plaster, thatch-roof hut, nestled among the well-built roomy homes of other professors. The stone floor and window casings were features unknown to most native huts; nor did the difference end there. There were iron cots, curtains, a kitchenette, a desk with drawers at either end, a typewriter, and a general air of ascetic neatness.

On a crude wooden chair, the light from the window streaming in on her eager, mobile face, Mrs. Jabavu sat leaning toward me. Tensely, apprehensively, she waited for me to speak. When I told her I wanted to hear about native women she brightened, but it was only after I had told her a little about myself, that I, too, was married and had a little girl, that I won her confidence.

"You are traveling here for your work, alone, and you left your little girl and husband at home? Maybe, then, you will understand about me."

I urged her to talk about herself, which she did, simply and factually.

"I was teaching here at Lovedale Institute, where I had once been a pupil, when I became engaged to Professor Jabavu. We both felt I could be more useful if I spent a year studying abroad. So I went to Birmingham to a Quaker settlement and specialized in religious work and music. Religious work was familiar to me because my father is a Presbyterian minister, due to Lovedale influence. In 1916 I returned and Professor Jabavu and I were married. In 1922, though I was married and had a child, I went back to Birmingham and spent two years there. I have only recently come back.

"You see I needed so much more studying. I needed bookkeeping, typing, practical subjects, and English, to learn to write; and ever so much more music. I want to record our music, for it is through music that we can reach our people. And it is also through music that we can teach them self-respect, that they have a culture of their own.

"My husband edits a Xosa-English weekly which has a woman's supplement. I wanted that supplement to mean something to native women as well as native men. All the months that I studied it was fitness to conduct that department that I had in mind.

"Our population must prepare themselves for wider political life. If our women remain unprepared they will drag the men and the race to their level, for no race is higher than its women. And our women! You cannot imagine, you cannot conceive the subjection of our women. It is not that even the most educated are all held down to housekeeping. It is not that they have no financial independence. These are ills common enough among Europeans. It is that our women are slaves, with no control over their children, their homes, or their bodies. They must bow absolutely to the will of the men.

"The mines, the increase of industrial life, greater educational opportunities have widened the natives' sphere, taken them out of the kraal. Our women have not kept pace with the change, but they shall. We women must help each other rise."

Time passed and Mrs. Jabavu held me in a spell; behind her hovered the ghosts of millions of Bantu women; she was their spokesman.

Mrs. Jabavu had no traditions of individual thought, activity, or independence for the women of her own race. There are no black women in history. Rather, she could look back upon centuries of unbroken bondage. She had neither cooperation nor encouragement from members of her own race, or other races, for the blazing of a trail is lonesome work. Yet she holds to her the vision of free black women. Mrs. Jabavu is that rare thing among women, a brave and consistent feminist.

Sanni

IT was Sunday morning at St. Matthew's Mission in the hills of the Ciskei. The little red brick chapel tolled its bell, and stood beckoningly open to the natives of the countryside. Specks of black and white moved toward the organ strains from every direction. Closer and closer they came, stiff and awkward, clumsily aware of shoes donned but once a week at the nearest bend before the church boundary. In staid black suits, starched white blouses, limp black skirts, thick black kerchief hoods, English prayer-books perched precariously atop heads, sedately they filed by. Gradually we left them behind, as a Xosa priest and I pressed on to a distant kraal for outdoor services.

Our congregation waited for us under a low spreading tree, the closely huddled thatched huts in the background. Seated in a semi-circle the men took one side of the tree, the women the other. Clothes determined the progress of conversion in the community: half-nakedness, beads, and colorful trappings—heathens living in darkness; partially clothed in European clothes—a self-conscious groping toward Christianity; absence of all ornaments, in complete European attire of drab tone—complete devotion to Christianity.

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There were present men, women, and children in all stages of darkness and light, but self-conscious Christians predominated, judging by the gleam of shiny white collars in the sharp sunlight. Only the old chief, grizzly and gray, crouched in the attitude of Rodin's thinker on the edge of the group, appeared wary of the white man's God. The women were for the most part absorbed in cuddling and nursing roly-poly brown lumps.

Ponderously and pompously the young priest conducted his service. After him other pompous youths offered up prayer in holy self-righteousness and dispelled the charm of hot drowsy hills at mid morning. Even the petted babies grew bored and restless. Then, when everyone was tired, and all the men were finished, a woman asked permission to lead in prayer.

Suddenly, on that gentle shaded hill, five miles from a mission station, forty miles from a railroad station, in the heart of a primitive country, a woman's voice pealed forth in prayer. There was nothing dramatic about her attitude. A simple figure in the conventional mark of native Christianity, a blue Mother Hubbard wrapper hung loose from the shoulders hiding the lines of the form, a tight black kerchief binding the head. Neither swaying nor chanting nor moaning, nor assuming excessive dignity to show her rise above her previous heathen state, on bent knee, in the accepted and familiar attitude of Christian prayer, she prayed in Xosa.

And never before or since have I heard such a prayer, such real prayer. It was as if everything grew still and shrank before the passion and fervor of one racked but hopeful human being. She was no longer a lone woman in prayer, but a symbol of something fine and beautiful, something out of human grasp.

Later that morning as the Xosa priest and I were returning I asked him: "What did the woman pray about?"

The priest looked a little abstracted, as if he were recalling a trivial incident hard to remember, and briefly replied:

"Oh! That woman? Oh, she. Oh, Sanni. Oh, she was praying for her sons and other mothers' sons at the mines in Johannesburg."

In the Driftway

THE way of the translator is hard. He may be a most meticulous philologist who talks glibly about Grimm's law and Verner's law. Or he may be like the old schoolmaster, a wounded soldier retired to teaching, who would strike a snag in every second line and decide "to skip that devil." One language is quite sufficient. In fact, it may be too much. The Drifter remembers an evening in Colorado when a handsome sign by the roadside invited him to come in and eat some "tender stakes." And again, he recalls an advertisement announcing that "an errant girl" was wanted. The Drifter blames no one. What with tacks and tax, die and dye, beer and bier, and a thousand similar puzzlers, he has never wondered at those who found themselves lost in the labyrinthian mazes of one language. And there are 3,424 languages.

* * * * *

THERE have been in all ages ingenious translators who have wrestled with this host of tongues. Nor does the Drifter berate them too severely for any oddities or even mistakes. What could be more enjoyably modern than the old rendering of Genesis 3:21, "And the Lord God made Adam and his wife some breeches"? There are other instances.

* * * * *

THE Drifter recalls a good story told by Carl Sandburg in a public lecture, one of his "good shows." Two Senators, said the tousle-headed Swede, were arguing about foreign words and their ability to understand them. The more confident of the two laid a wager of ten dollars that he would translate any poser put by the other. The wager was accepted. After a minute's hesitation the problem was stated: "What is the meaning of 'Vox populi, vox dei' "? A smile of triumph spread over the challenger's face. " 'Vox populi, vox dei'—you want to know what that means? Well, sir, know then that 'Vox populi, vox dei,' being interpreted, means 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' " And he took the money he had won, which the other, being an honest if unlearned loser, relinquished without protest.

* * * * *

EVEN lawyers may at times contribute to the treasury of translations. Not many years back a mighty Goliath of an attorney, armed with the poisoned sword of war hysteria, was trying to slay a valiant David, a pacifist friend of the Drifter. In keeping with the times, some German letters were purloined from the friend's files and presented at the trial. Like a jumping-jack popping from his box, the lawyer dramatically demanded: "Who is Mr. Gruss?" Confusion. "Yes, Mr. Gruss. You have many letters from him." "I have not. I know no such person." "Don't know him? Why here are a dozen letters from him —from Germany—all signed H. Gruss." Confusion worse confounded. Finally the defendant asked to see the letters and sure enough there it was at the end of every one, "Herzlichen Gruss," with no further signature. With a smile he passed a German dictionary to the attorney, who had, at least, vindicated his solid Americanism.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Delayed News From Arizona

(By Telegram)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: George Hunt, your faithful subscriber, was elected Governor of Arizona for his sixth term, defeating E. S. Clark, Republican, by about three hundred votes. Carl Hayden, Democrat, beat Cameron for United States Senator by a large majority. Cameron's eleventh-hour slush-fund charge was a ghastly flare-back. It has made Cameron ridiculous. Senator King, now in Los Angeles conducting the investigation, finds no evidence that money was sent from California to Arizona to influence the election. Lewis Douglas, Democrat, the able and progressive son of James Douglas, Arizona's chief millionaire and an antagonist of both Hunt and Cameron, was elected by a large majority over Judge Baughn, Republican. This made it a sweeping Democratic victory throughout the State. Hunt was opposed most bitterly by the reactionaries of both parties and was almost fatally handicapped because Van Dyke, editor of the Miami *Silver Belt*, the only Hunt daily in the State, was the ardent and chief supporter of Cameron.

Pasadena, Cal., November 9 FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

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Passaic Wants Help!

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The stirring article called Disaster Loves Workers, by Hollace Ransdell, in your issue of November 3 brings dramatically to the public's attention the plight of the Passaic textile strikers who were arrested on a most obvious frame-up.

Since this committee was organized at the commencement of the strike we have had information of countless cases where the Passaic police have attacked and jailed strikers and their sympathizers at the behest of the mill-owners. Women members of the committee were attacked and beaten by the police blocks away from any mill. While the police have been cautious in their treatment of those who have come into Passaic from out of town they have been merciless to the strikers, as the recent arrests for so-called "bomb outrages" indicate.

Lovers of freedom must not forget Passaic and the glorious ten-months' struggle that the workers have been waging there. There is still desperate need for food and clothing for the women and children. Gifts of money or clothes made to this committee are distributed at no overhead cost to the neediest cases. Readers of *The Nation* have responded generously in the past to our appeals. We know that they will not permit hunger or suffering to break this strike. Send clothing or checks to me at Room 638, 799 Broadway, New York City.

New York, November 3 Clarina Michelson,
Secretary, Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief

Judge Bausman Judges

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Though a Democrat all my life I can see no reason for upbraiding President Coolidge for his stand in respect to the war debts, and I am very sorry to hear the genial editor of *The Nation* using the language of an ill-humored Englishman that we are "exacting the last penny" from our former Allies. This is a gross exaggeration, the English having adjusted on the basis of about three-quarters, the Italians on the basis of one-fourth, and the French refusing to settle on any basis at all. As to the latter country, our exasperation is increased by the fact that what we are asking her to repay is merely what we advanced after the armistice, plus an almost incredible quantity of food and munitions which she could turn into cash.

Yes, you are right in saying that our country is singularly united on this question. I have seldom seen the mass of the people so determined, and he must be a strange man who will say that we are not a generous people. We are practically united on this question of getting not "the last penny" but as much as our ungrateful debtors can pay. The reasons are plain to all except those who sojourn in Europe and fall under the spell of Americans and American bankers abroad. We asked nothing as spoils of war and the Allies got everything they could lay their hands on, though they charged us for everything and paid us for nothing. They deceived us in every conceivable way by incredible propaganda to get us into the war, and this has added gradually to the popular resentment. As to the spoils of war, Mesopotamia alone will reimburse Great Britain. Mesopotamia is indeed a prize, gloriously fitted for agriculture and apparently abounding in petroleum. Tanganyika, enormously rich in minerals and tropical products and five times the size of Pennsylvania, will never be released from mandate, but must be considered forever the property of the English, who received the mandate. Great Britain comes out of the war mistress of the seas, having completely outwitted us at the Washington Disarmament Conference, where again we showed an astounding liberality in the face of the best professional military advice.

The common sense of the people I have always believed in. Common sense told us to stay out of the war, but the people were lashed into it by a fury of propaganda from those who now refuse to pay what they borrowed. Common sense tells us today to lift from the backs of our own taxpayers a substantial part of what was deliberately borrowed from us. Nor are Americans altogether stupid. They are not insensible to the fact that every dollar we release to the Europeans will go to armaments to increase their power over us, and that the real origin of all this controversy is not the repayment of the debts but the envy aroused by our sudden expansion into foreign trade. We may have to pay a price for our standing up at last for some of our rights, but at any rate we will not be bullied.

The sudden volley of abuse against us in Great Britain was wholly unprovoked. Their government had made no proposal for a reduction of the debt. It is not possible for them to say that they have made a new proposal to our country that has been rejected. They prefer, apparently, a campaign of propaganda.

The Allies, and principally Great Britain, got by the war an enormous proportion of the remaining raw materials of the earth, and for these, as in the case of rubber, we shall have to pay a good round price, some of them in the event of war being cut off from us entirely by the powerful fleets of Britain.

Seattle, Washington, October 25 Frederick Bausman

The Cardinals on Sunday

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial paragraph on the St. Louis "Cardinals" makes us Catholics laugh. Does any one suppose we cared a tinker's curse whether the Philadelphia *Ledger* called them "Cardinals" or not? Nor would the composite picture of the St. Louis team wearing a cardinal's hat shock even a sister of charity. Thank heaven, we have a sense of humor.

To illustrate our attitude on such matters, here is a little gag that went the rounds among us (referring to the Sunday game of the series):

"Say, Mac, I hear the Pope is trying to stop the game today."

"Stop the game, Mike—but what has the Pope got to do with it?"

"Shure, he don't want the Cardinals to be playing on Sunday."

San Diego, California, October 27 E. H. Whelan

Contributors to This Issue

George P. West has contributed several articles to *The Nation* on events in California.

Robert S. Allen of the *Christian Science Monitor* spent the weeks preceding the election in Wisconsin.

Chester C. Nash, Jr., who writes from Evanston, Illinois, is associate editor of the *National Underwriter*.

Oswald Garrison Villard has just returned from Europe.

Rebecca Hourwich gathered the material for Three Black Women in Africa.

Robert Graves is an English poet, and the author of "Country Sentiment," "Whipperginny," and other volumes.

Allen Tate is a poet and critic of New York.

Robert Wolf is the author of the novel "Springboard," published this fall.

Paul Weiss is a contributor of philosophical articles to the current magazines.

H. E. Buchholz is the author of "U. S.," recently reviewed in *The Nation*.

Henrietta Straus, for several years a writer on music for *The Nation*, is preparing a book for publication.

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Books, Music, Plays

Pure Death

By ROBERT GRAVES

This I concealed, Death is terrible to me,
To no man more so, naturally,
And, at last, I have rid my natural terror
Of every comfortable philosopher
Or tall dark doctor of Divinity:
Death stands again in his true rank and order.

Therefore it was, when between you and me
Giving presents became a malady,
The exchange increasing surplus on each side
Till there was nothing but ungivable pride
That was not forgiven; and this degree
Called a conclusion not to be denied,

That we at last bethought ourselves, made shift
And simultaneously the final gift
Gave: each with shaking hands unlocks
The sinister long brass-bound coffin-box,
Unwraps pure Death, with that astonishment
Which greeted our first love-abandonment.

Tiresias

Transition. By Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. $2.

MR. MUIR is now the author of three volumes of interesting and important criticism. His purpose in the first two books, "We Moderns" and "Latitudes," was to organize a system of personal attitudes into a coherent *Weltanschauung*, an ordered vision of the chaotic contemporary situation. The result was interesting because it emerged through the terms of the chaos itself—the decadent philosophy of idealism. In the present volume Mr. Muir proves that his version of contemporary thought was not only philosophically interesting but important for literary criticism. The attitudes of the amateur metaphysician become the principles of judgment of the critic; these principles are important because they enable Mr. Muir to interpret modern writers with taste, depth, and perspective. He supports the validity of his earlier statement of the contemporary problem with the act of criticism itself, with a comprehensive, if somewhat personally interpretative, discussion of nine of the most significant writers of our time: Joyce, Lawrence, Huxley, Mrs. Woolf, Stephen Hudson, Strachey, Eliot, Miss Sitwell, and Graves. Mr. Muir's literary competence is enormous, but the comprehensiveness of his treatment is nevertheless to be wondered at in an age of dissociated intelligences.

As a philosophical critic Mr. Muir sees that the present age is crucial for literature. It is an age of transition. The traditional mythology of European culture has been discredited by practitioners of the historical method, like Frazer and Rivers, and by the encroaching world of scientific hypothesis. We stand, as Mr. Eliot's Tiresias stands, "throbbing between two lives"; our mythology is dead and we have not yet achieved a substitute for it out of the world-picture of modern science. For the pre-condition of all literature is a body of mythology to which the life-attitudes can respond freely as wholes. The traditional mythologies supported the spiritual equilibrium of man by rendering his origins sublime; but this is obviously no longer possible. The task of poets, then, in the present desperation, which became acute about the time of Ibsen and Baudelaire, is not the impossible resurrection of the myth but the construction of new myths which "idealize man's goal." The optimism is derivative of Nietzsche. The intellectual integrity of the optimism doesn't exist.

This conclusion appeared in Mr. Muir's first volume, but it is still his solution of the contemporary problem. He quotes with approval Wordsworth's belief that as soon as the world of science becomes somehow as "familiar" as the primitive world of religious myth, our cultural integrity and our literature will be restored. There has always been a certain meanness of intellect in this belief, for it ignores the hopeless breach between the abstractionism of science, however familiar this may become, and the object itself, for which the abstraction stands and to which it is the business of poets to return. There is enough truth in Mr. Muir's romantic solution to make it look plausible; that is, it registers dissatisfaction with *science as it is* as the material of poetry; it hopes in some obscure way to submit science to a mysterious change and transfigure it. This is philosophical insight overreaching itself—the defect in rationality of romanticism. For Arnold's judgment that the romantic poets "did not know enough" comes to this: that their rational equipment, their "ideas," was not adequate to the materials of the age; the scientific spirit, which they resisted, was the spirit into whose hands they played by failing to understand it. It was in this spirit that the post-Kantians generally and Coleridge in English criticism made idealism the official philosophy of romanticism. From this philosophical movement most of the merely literary intelligences up to the present time derive their terms, and hence their confusion.

The idealistic antithesis necessity versus freedom and its bedfellow, appearance versus reality, run all through Mr. Muir's thought. For although on occasion he laughs at the philosophers (which is neither one thing nor another), he yet proceeds, often perhaps without knowing it, with many of their assumptions. These seem to him to possess the finality of categories. Some of Mr. Muir's most interesting judgments inhere in a distinction between struggling with the spirit of the age and escaping from it: a writer struggles through appearance to reality or attempts to reject appearance altogether. The distinction yields illuminating results in the discussions of Eliot, Lawrence, and Graves; but it is capable of misleading Mr. Muir on his own ground. A case in point is his account of the brothel scene in "Ulysses." The remarks appear to be strictly analytical; they are actually the extension and support of a personal viewpoint. The brothel scene, says Mr. Muir, fails to release us from our oppressions; "it is rather a gigantic attempt to attain release." Thus Mr. Muir converts the brothel scene into a commentary on his own metaphysic. He sets up the straw man of "release," then proves that Joyce is not the straw man. Valuable as nearly all of Mr. Muir's judgments are, it must be pointed out that they are philosophical, not literary criticism; they interpret a given work to Mr. Muir himself; they do not isolate and expose its properties.

Mr. Muir further articulates his philosophical requirements of literature by means of Arnold's criterion, "the criticism of life." He has a shrewdness not unlike Arnold's, and he has more than Arnold's sensitiveness to writing which philosophically perplexes him; for example, Virginia Woolf's classicism. However profoundly we may dissent from his main assumptions, he is the only critic who has succeeded in grasping the modern situation as a whole.

ALLEN TATE

Chiefly Debits

Debits and Credits. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

ONE never gets over any of one's loves, and this is no less true in literature than it is in life. Unless, through a mistaken impulse of romance, one returns years later to revisit the beloved. That is a very different thing from dwelling

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on the beloved's early photographs. Rudyard Kipling was to me, during the years from sixteen to twenty-one, one of three or four major literary enthusiasms, and to this day, when I re-read "Kim" or "The Day's Work" or certain of the stories in "Puck of Pook's Hill," he seems to me the leading Edwardian writer of rhythmic English prose, and the greatest master of the cooked short story.

I say the cooked short story with intention. Joyce's "Ivy Day in the Committee Room" or "The Dead," Hemingway's "Cat in the Rain," Bunin's "The Gentleman from San Francisco," Tchekhov's "The Darling" belong to an entirely different genre. Kipling's short stories are as artificially constructed as an Elizabethan play—there is a beginning, a middle, and an ending, quite in the classic manner, an introduction, a climax, and all that, just as we were taught to analyze in school. Modern short stories, the best of them, are bits of crystallized moods—they can no more be analyzed than can a lyric poem. But Kipling is dramatic rather than lyric, even when, as in "They" or "Steam Tactics" or the priceless "My Sunday at Home," his purpose is primarily a simple job of landscape painting.

In this form of the short story that is so much less closely related to the novel than to the play—a narrow and exaggerated situation, dragged out of its context, and given a finality that exists nowhere in life—I think Kipling has never been excelled. For a certain kind of material, a certain type of healthy objective art, the manner which he created and brought to perfection seems to have a peculiar and ultimate fitness. Curiously enough this tight little Anglo-Indian provincial, this idolator of the stool-pigeon and the spy (in "Kim"), this hater of the organized worker (in "A Walking Delegate" and "The Mother Hive"), this worshiper of the militarist and the profiteer (in almost everything he ever wrote—it is superfluous to quote chapter and verse) finds his closest present resemblance in the Communist writers of the Soviet. This is a sight to make the gods laugh. But if you doubt it, compare "The Lawbreakers" in "Flying Osip" with that other boy-scout story, "The Army of a Dream." Compare "A Mere Trifle" with "His Chance in Life." I am not maintaining that Seifulina and Zozulya have ever read Kipling—probably they have not—but Communist art is active, extrovert, concerned with externals, and finds its natural parallel in the work of the man who admired Cecil Rhodes. Possibly all types of patriotic art tend to run in the same channels, regardless of the particular content of the patriotic creed. Certain it is that the Communist writers have turned toward a form that is essentially Kipling's, in abandoning the psychological tradition of their past.

It is because Kipling was such an admirable interpreter of his age, the age of imperialism which held within its womb the seeds of this one, that he achieved both his past vitality and his present extinction. There is no truth in the doctrine that good art must embody valid social theories. Great art is art that is written with conviction, regardless of how preposterous may be the lies the artist tells. But it is difficult to write with conviction if one is isolated from the currents of one's day. It is difficult, but not impossible. Blake did it, Stendhal did it, Emily Dickinson did it—all of them were out of harmony with the spirit of their time. To be sure their remoteness from their age lay in the fact that they were ahead of it. When one is passed by one's age and left behind it, one is in a different case. Like Shaw, like Gorki, like so many of our young moderns, Kipling no longer believes in what he writes, and this is the one essential for third-rate work. It is better in such a case to be too stupid to realize one's obsolescence, but it is difficult to be a first-rate artist and be stupid enough.

The lack of assurance in the present volume sticks out on every page. "The United Idolators" is a piece of inept self-plagiarism whose only genuine line is its footnote: "See Stalky and Co." "The Prophet and the Country" reads like a parody on "The Captive" of the triumphant past. For the rest, the stories are attempts to scale down the World War into a compass that was not inappropriate for the taking of Lungtungpen, but that shows up rather sadly in comparison with most modern war fiction.

"Debits and Credits" is not an additional achievement for Kipling—it is not even a conclusion to his literary career—it is simply a faint echo out of that past, swashbuckling but Arcadian, to which neither he nor we will return again.

ROBERT WOLF

The Minds of Yesterday

The Making of the Modern Mind. By J. H. Randall. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

THAT strange medley of illusions, truths, and nonsense, that union of conflicting ideals and ideas which is part of man's cosmorama is much more and much less than a mere accretion of past beliefs. There is some originality and individuality in every one, no matter how trite the answers; while, on the other hand, the past that is constitutive of the present is far from pure, being refracted and colored by misunderstanding, faulty and arbitrary interpretations, and a priori notions. A history of the work of the past may clarify the present; it can never disclose it.

Mr. Randall begins with the Middle Ages. He delineates with fidelity and sympathy the major currents in religious and social beliefs, paying special attention to the Renaissance, the rationalistic seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the romantic progressive concepts of the last hundred years. The reactions of different men at different times to the problems o government, society, life, and the future and the influence of science and religion on them, are clearly shown, the analysis being illuminated by judicious and representative selections from the original works. Unfortunately art, literature, poetry, and philosophy are neglected except in so far as they relate to "tendencies" or fall within conventional rubrics; while the restriction to recent times and the Western civilization—though justified by the size of the work—permits a description of but a fragment of our intellectual background.

The somewhat comprehensive bibliographies affixed to each chapter enhance the value of the work as a source- and text-book for those who wish to dip into the immediate past in order to discover the answers of others to the ever-present riddles of life. As a contribution to the understanding of some typical and significant figures the book is at once accurate and interesting. As an attempt to catch the modern mind in the making it is sadly inadequate.

PAUL WEISS

Peace in the Schools

The Menace of Nationalism in Education. By Jonathan French Scott. The Macmillan Company. $1.60.

THAT many elementary school histories reek inaccuracies and prejudices is true, of course, but not especially surprising in view of the fact that, in large measure, the more advanced works on which they are based also are heavy-laden with bunk. Such inaccuracies as characterize the elementary texts give a youngster going through the grades a lopsided conception of the past, its heroes, its villains, and the roles these essayed. A writer trespasses upon debatable ground when he jumps at the conclusion that such misconceptions, imparted to the masses during youth, have ever made any considerable contribution to an international strife. Nevertheless, today it is both meet and holy that advocates of peace should turn a searchlight on school texts.

Here is an alluring field for the proponents of world peace, and already they are exploring it. In Edinburgh a year ago the World Federation of Education Associations set itself the task of making a critical view of all the histories, geographies, and readers taught in public schools in the principal countries

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of the world, with the purpose of offering constructive criticism. The preparation of this report will take some years, and meantime a forerunner appears in Mr. Scott's book—which, unfortunately, does not make much of a contribution. The volume seems to have grown out of a very superficial investigation, while the material gathered has in many instances been handled stupidly. Mr. Scott examined, apparently with great haste, some of the histories and geographies now used in France, Germany, and England. His chief accomplishment seems to have been the culling from these books of hundreds of sentences and paragraphs that reveal either what the author is pleased to label narrow nationalism or else what he accepts as broad internationalism. Evidently no large survey was made of all the textbooks of any one country; no endeavor was put forth to ascertain the relative popularity of each book reported on; no need was felt of evaluating any book in its entirety. The consequence is that the author in instances summons the same textbook to take the stand, first to testify for the prosecution and later to be a witness for the defense.

Mr. Scott concludes with a series of suggestions that, to the American point of view, hardly point toward world peace. He recommends that the Committee on Intellectual Cooperation of the League of Nations pass upon all elementary texts. Then he grows a bit bolder: "Suppose the League went farther. Suppose that, instead of merely recommending schoolbooks, it extended its supervision to the preparation of courses of study and even of textbooks for the use of schools in various countries." Also, he thinks it would be a good thing to adopt a universal language, such as Esperanto, in all elementary schools. If the League of Nations wants to awaken Mars, it can turn the trick by adopting in its entirety Mr. Scott's program for warless internationalism. H. E. BUCHHOLZ

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. This year in addition a second prize of $50 and a third prize of $25 will be offered. The rules for 1926 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Wednesday, December 1, and not later than Friday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page.

3. No manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poems will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 9, 1927.

7. Besides the winning poems, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Children's Books in Brief

The Magic Flight: Jewish Tales and Legends. By Yossef Gaer. Frank Maurice, Inc. $2.

The Foundling Prince and Other Tales from the Rumanian of Petre Ispirescu. Translated and Adapted by Julia Collier Harris and Rea Ipcar. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

The Donegal Wonder Book. By Seumas MacManus. Frederick A. Stokes and Company. $2.

The Japanese Fairy Book. Translated by Yei Theodora Ozaki. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Skazki. Tales and Legends of Old Russia. Told by Ida Zeitlin. Illustrated by Theodore Nadejen. George H. Doran and Company. $5.

Fillmore Folk Tales. Selected by Wilhelmina Harper. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

A group of fairy and folk tales from various countries which carry the young reader across oceans and mountains and many times bring him up at the same place. For it is astonishing how persistent certain stories are, bobbing up indiscriminately in Rumania, Ireland, and Japan. Of the group, Miss Zeitlin's book, with gorgeously gilded illustrations and bright end papers, is the handsomest and Mr. MacManus's, with a reckless Irish tune to it, has perhaps the most originality and freshness.

The King of the Golden River. By John Ruskin. *The Light Princess.* By George MacDonald. The Little Library. The Macmillan Company. $1 each.

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Mr. Milne has this time taken to prose and with Mr. Shepard's and Christopher Robin's help has turned out another book full of delight for all children under seventy. Except that it has not the advantage of demanding that it be learned by heart, as "When We Were Very Young" does, one sees no reason why this story of Mr. Edward Bear, otherwise known as Winnie-the-Pooh, and his friends should not gain quite as many firm and unshakable admirers.

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Further Nonsense, Verse and Prose. By Lewis Carroll. Edited by Langford Reed. Illustrated by H. M. Bateman. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

These scraps, collected from magazines and the less-known books of Lewis Carroll, would none of them have made him the immortal author that he is. They have all of his faults, few those may be, together with only a fair share of his supreme virtue.

Music

Mrs. Coolidge

LISTENING to such ensembles as the Pro Arte Quartet of Belgium and the English Singers, one is apt to forget, in the quiet beauty and high perfection of their art, the even loftier beauty of the purpose to which we owe their acquaintance. This purpose—to plant and spread the love for chamber music in this country—has indeed been carried out so generously and so regularly ever since its first manifestation, the Berkshire Festival in 1918, that we have come to take more or less for granted the gifts and achievements of its sponsor, Mrs. Frederick S. Coolidge. It is only when, the music ended, one files out past the bookshelves of a public library that one realizes to what extent this purpose has reached. If one, moreover, has had any experience with the educators of the preceding generation, one even realizes with a shock that one has heard, for instance, a world-famous quartet, like the Pro Arte, in the Music Division of the New York Public Library; and even quivers to think that there is a music division at all. The shock deepens as one tries to grasp the fact that not only the Pro Arte Quartet but also the English Singers—the latter the most perfect exponents of Tudor vocal music this country has ever known—made their initial bow to American audiences in a concert hall in the Library of Congress at a Chamber Music Festival given under the auspices of Congress.

Those who have long known the attitude of the American people toward music as an art may well wonder that their representatives should have given it official sanction. Those who have known the attitude of American educators may wonder even more, for it was a musician, again Mrs. Frederick S. Coolidge, and not an educator who put this through. If there are any, however, who do not know this attitude, let them go down to the Juilliard Musical Foundation. The secretary of this foundation is an educator. And as the ostensible purpose of this foundation is also, like that of Mrs. Coolidge's, to develop and spread musical culture in this country, it might be illuminating to compare their respective methods for attaining this purpose.

The Juilliard Foundation, as was perhaps to be expected from the educational training of its secretary, began along the line of least resistance by dispensing free tuition. With American artists and composers all over the country hard pressed by competition brought about through economic conditions in Europe, the Juilliard found no other use for its ten-million-dollar trust fund than to give thousand-dollar scholarships to students—many of doubtful talent—for study with private teachers who were well able themselves to succor talent, and at musical institutions already endowed and backed by multi-millionaires who were not only able but willing to succor talent. Next, the Juilliard decided to concentrate its activities. And so, with a crying need all over the country for training schools for conductors, the foundation built a costly music school in a city already amply supplied. Again, with an even greater need for orchestral readings of original compositions, so that composers may have a chance to hear what they have written and therefrom learn their faults, the Juilliard has been giving fabulous salaries to teachers already established in this city.

On the other hand we see Mrs. Coolidge starting a cham-

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ber-music festival of her own because, being a musician as well as a musical philanthropist, she finds that American festivals, unlike those of Europe, omit chamber music from their programs. The fact that the world is at war does not daunt her. With civilization tottering, she sets up its beacon in the Berkshire Hills; with most of the world's musical nations at war, she invites the musicians of these nations to participate in this light; and with building almost at a standstill, owing to scarcity of material and labor, she erects a Temple of Music to house her festival, and four cottages to house the members of her Festival Quartet.

Again, being a musician, she was aware of the non-commercial value of chamber music; and so, to encourage composers to enrich its literature, she offered a thousand-dollar prize for a specified type of work every other year, and a commissioned work from a specified composer on the alternating years. The manuscripts of these works she has donated to the Musical Library of Congress. Moreover, to insure a fair verdict for the prize composition, she selected her judicial committee from musicians representing every phase of musical opinion from the conservative to the radical, and from the critic to the composer and performer. This committee is changed completely in personnel every prize-giving year. And finally, to perpetuate the festival after her death, she established a trust fund, which she offered to Congress and which the latter accepted, sufficient to build a concert hall in the Congressional Library—there to be held a chamber-music festival and chamber-music concerts every year. Under this fund both the New York and Boston public libraries also benefit. Six concerts were held in the former last year by the Lennox String Quartet. This year was opened by the Pro Arte Quartet, to be followed by the Flonzaleys. Chamber-music concerts have also been established in various big colleges through her generosity. And the greatest organizations and artists have been engaged to give this music. Besides the Belgian and English artists are the London String and the Wendling Quartets, Harold Samuel, Lionel Tertis, Selim Palmgren, and Myra Hess. There has been no finer quartet playing heard here in years than that of the Pro Arte; no ensemble singing ever heard here so intimate and exquisite as that of the English Singers. One turns indeed with relief from the futile extravagances of the Juilliard Foundation to the selfless standards which this woman has set above nation, race, creed, or even friendship. HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Ibsen Restated

AS one watches Eva Le Gallienne's admirable production of "The Master Builder" enrol itself upon the stage of the Civic Repertory Theater one is struck again by the fact that the interest of Ibsen's plays, far from fading, like that of lesser works, in the light of a different day, renews itself again and again, constantly shifting its center, but remaining always keen and fresh. It is not merely that the later plays, once thought too "difficult," take precedence over the simple sociological preachments of his earlier period but that these more complex works provoke new discussion in new terms. Armed though one may be with the latest handbook of official interpretation and hence prepared to tag each symbol with its literal meaning, there is a tantalizing something which eludes the grasp and stirs the mind. These plays refuse to stay explained, to give up all their secret. Issuing as they did from a mind less definitely circumscribed by its own logic than is sometimes supposed, from a mind that groped after even more things than it grasped, they are full of intuitions not fully stated, and so, like most great art, they hold a latent significance, have aspects which wait patiently for new tempers in new times to discover them. The problems of the richest demand, like the problem of "Hamlet," continual restatement.

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The subject of such plays as "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts" is practical morality. With that Ibsen began, and he accustomed both himself and his students to think in its terms. But after the manner of reflective men he soon soared upward, and like one of his own heroes he left off "building homes for men" to concern himself with the more intimate problems of the individual soul. And so though a play like "The Master Builder" still has its moral implications, though it touches, for example, upon the relation of the genius to the lesser men whom he crushes, its primary concern is with problems of a different order, its aim is to comprehend the soul of a man whose solitary brooding has carried him, as it had carried his creator, to a lonely height from which the world of feminism and syphilis seemed no longer very significant. And it is this comprehension that offers continually a fresh challenge, for it is only begun, not ended, when its fable is explained upon the basis of allegory.

In such plays as "The Master Builder" and "The Wild Duck" Ibsen, though perhaps himself not wholly conscious of the fact, was concerned with something more than the veiled expression of a philosophy of life. His symbols have become, as symbols, clear enough, but there is stated by implication at least a problem which is, perhaps, the most acute now facing the contemporary intelligence—the problem, that is to say, of the relation of psychology and metaphysics. Every phenomenon here dramatized is subject to two interpretations. It is either a phenomenon of abnormal psychology or one of those symbols through which the world of eternal reality establishes a contact with the world of appearance. To the psychologist it is one thing, to the metaphysician another, and Ibsen, true even here to his dramatic credo "My business is to ask questions, not answer them," is content only to provoke the mind into activity. To the builder, for whom architecture has become a religion and height an expression of his aspiration, the dizziness which overcomes him when he mounts to the top of one of his own towers is the unfathomed secret which either holds the meaning or hides the meaninglessness of his life. Is it, as we should say, "a complex," an oblique expression of the sense of guilt which his ruthless methods have generated and his will suppressed, or is it rather the force of some higher power, of something outside himself, which tells him thus that he has failed somehow to adjust his aspiration to its meaning? Spurred onward, he mounts at last to the summit of his new home, for a moment he seems to triumph, then topples and falls to his death, leaving the question unanswered for him, for Ibsen, and for us.

One might, if one cared to do so, proceed to show how the same fundamental question underlies the other later dramas of Ibsen, but it is sufficient to say that here, in this conflict rather than in any other, lies their profoundest significance for us. Nor is this significance small, for it involves the whole question of the meaning of life and of where it is to be sought. Do those phenomena whose meaning eludes us have a transcendental significance, or is their complete explanation to be found always in the tricks of the mind? Are we, that is to say, imprisoned forever in that world of seeming where psychology is the ultimate science, or does the world of eternal reality sometimes break through in symbols?

With "Caponsacchi" (Hampden Theater) Mr. Walter Hampden continues his policy of presenting modern poetic drama. The present play, made from "The Ring and the Book," is infinitely superior to "The Immortal Thief," but it does not escape both a heaviness of pace and a certain melodramatic obviousness of content. The vast Century Theater is now given over to a sumptuously produced and incredibly naive allegory called "The Pearl of Great Price." Like "Experience," which some may remember from seasons past, it is one of the illegitimate offspring begot by "Everyman" upon musical comedy. The theme is chastity, but times do change, and it must be recorded that the entrance of an abstract person called Wanton drew the first applause of the evening.

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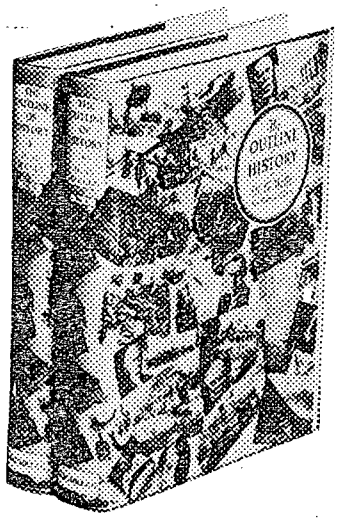

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International Relations Section

New Zealand's Family Dole

By T. WALSH

THE Government, a Conservative one so far as politics go in this South Pacific country, has put forward a bill to help the family man by allowing him to draw from the consolidated fund the sum of two shillings weekly for every child in the family over two in number. The limit that may be drawn is eighteen shillings per week, the amount that a man with eleven children, none of whom are of an age to earn, may draw.

New Zealand, down in the warm Southern seas, was peopled by political and economic refugees from England, Scotland, and Ireland. The number of its inhabitants that claim descent from Continental people is negligible. The first comers, smarting under the injustice of the conditions that drove them from the land of their birth, had liberal ideas, but the necessity of scratching out an existence in a new land under strange conditions left little opportunity for remodeling state constitutions, even if inherited ideas had permitted thinking along such lines. The second generation had more leisure, however, and a remarkable wave of liberal thought swept the country in the end of the last century; political franchise based on land ownership was abolished in favor of universal suffrage; women were given a vote; ownership of land by the state with regulations for long leases, in case of all unalienated land, was established; money advances by the state to workers and farmers for building homes were legislated for; state insurance (fire, accident, and life) was set up to compete with private companies and actually lowered fire-insurance premiums by one-third in the first year of operation; accident insurance to cover all workers was made compulsory and an arbitration court to handle industrial disputes was established.

The Industrial Arbitration Court consists of a judge and one assessor nominated by the combined employers and one by the combined trade unions. Its functions at first were nebulous, rather a sort of referee body to act in strikes when an impasse seemed inevitable. By degrees the court was granted mandatory powers to fix wages in most trades for periods not exceeding three years; the net effect was that from being merely a nominal body helping to arrive at settlements in strikes it became all powerful in deciding rates of wages and standardizing conditions of labor; a factor not without benefit to employers. Owing to the manner in which the court was established and the fact that the successive governments were representative of the financial and commercial classes there was no principle fixed by law on which the court could base wages; in every application for variations of wage conditions the court had to endeavor to ascertain just how little the employees would take rather than strike and just how far the employers would go rather than lock out their men and tie up their plants. The sequel was that price-fixing of commodities was established and the general opinion of all classes was that no matter what the prices of goods were in other lands, the sellers of articles in New Zealand were entitled to get a price that was based on the figure needed to repay the New Zealand manufacturer for the wage scale fixed by law of the court. During the war prices rose and wages did not follow. Moreover, the court dealing with wages propounded the view that in addition to furnishing cannon fodder (conscription was enforced) the workers ought to submit to lowered wages as a result of soaring prices of food, etc., in order to bear a just share of the burden of war—that at a time when buyers of war bonds were exempted from income tax.

In the midst of the developments in 1917 certain amendments were made to the law governing the arbitration court. Apparently without anyone being aware of the fact one of the amendments gave the court power to use the actual cost of living as the basis for computing wages. Under this power the state statistician was authorized to collect the necessary data as to size of families, prices of food consumed, and the other factors related to the cost of living; no actual standard of living was expressly set up. But in the ordinary course of events that would have had to follow. Meantime the court fixed a basic wage, to which was to be added a varying amount to represent the value needed to give the wage earner a living wage based on the data being collected by the statistic office. The first application by the court of its policy gave the employees, in 1920, an increase of about 16 shillings weekly; the Government, scared out of its wits, promptly interfered in the award of the court, though the law expressly forbade such action, and suspended the application of the award, later compelling an amended and reduced rate to be gazetted as the award. Out of the controversy that arose around this action emerged the idea of giving the family man some special treatment, as any average wage inevitably left him short of the money that was needed to provide for all his dependents. In New Zealand the proposal put forward by the trade unions was for a subsidy out of the consolidated fund on wages fixed by the arbitration court, of an amount of 5s. or 7s. 6d. per week per child; the employers urged reducing single men's wages by making them contribute to a fund to subsidize the wages of married men.

The census taken in April last called for information as to earning powers of all breadwinners and the number of dependents. Naturally the information could only be obtained on the basis of average classes and is not so detailed as close study of the problem would produce. It showed, however, that out of all grades of people in the community, there were 52,423 children in families where the number of children exceeded two; and that of this total there were 49,125 of such children dependent on men who earned four pounds per week or less. As the arbitration court in fixing its basic wage took the average family as two adults and two children it appears that about 49,000 children exist for whose sustenance the wage law made no provision. As £4 is a low weekly wage in New Zealand, it is quite evident that the widest interests of the state require that some means be found to allow of a considerable percentage of the juvenile population being given the food and other things necessary for rearing as human beings.

The employers are opposing the measure, contending that "it is not British; that it is charity; that no such scheme has been adopted in Britain or any British-speaking country." Such argument is meaningless; the British wage system is no model for any country. The government party has a huge majority in both houses of Parliament and if it desires it can make the bill into law.

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An Editor's Farewell

MR. H. N. BRAILSFORD, in resigning from the editorship of the *New Leader*, published the following farewell to his readers in the issue for October 22:

This is the last number of the *New Leader* which I shall edit. I tendered my resignation in June, and at Margate it was accepted by the governing body of the Independent Labor Party. Its resolution states the reason for the change in plain but friendly words. A majority of the Administrative Council desires "a more popular type of paper."

Until a permanent choice is made, the paper will be edited by A. Fenner Brockway. The council has asked me to contribute a weekly article to the *New Leader*. I hope (after I have taken a short holiday) that this may be possible.

Under my editorship the circulation of the *New Leader* has stood at a level between two and three times higher than that of the *Labor Leader* when I took it over. It has had its financial ups and downs, but I have the satisfaction of handing it over with a weekly budget which now meets expenses.

My aim during these four years has been to provide for thoughtful readers in the Socialist movement a paper which might rank, so far as the handicap of its small size permitted, with the older political reviews. A weekly paper devoted to news ceased to be necessary since the *Daily Herald* was founded. For popular reading there are in London and the provinces many Socialist weeklies. The chief need of our movement seemed to be a review which could discuss from week to week what I described in an early issue as "the constructive problems of the foreground." It is, therefore, with the measures which should serve to make the actual transition from capitalism to socialism that the *New Leader* has been chiefly concerned.

It may claim that in this short time it has influenced the thinking and the policy of the Labor Party. The agricultural program which was adopted last week at Margate was outlined and gradually shaped by articles and discussions in our pages. The view of credit and currency which is now widely accepted throughout the party was discussed more fully and earlier in our columns than elsewhere. The ideas which center around the living wage and family allowances, after winning the assent of the I.L.P., were at Margate accepted by the Labor Party as subjects for inquiry.

Often, I fear, at the risk of offending the older leaders of the movement, the *New Leader* has kept its independence and its critical outlook. It has stressed the duty of opposing imperialism. It has refused (as on the issue of birth control) to fetter itself by party calculations. Nor has it forgotten the duty of a humane movement to the animals. In its conduct it has sought to guide itself by three rules: to avoid hate; to be loyal to scientific truth; to remember at every turn, as the paramount issue, the struggle in which we are engaged to abolish class.

From experience and from criticism I learned in many ways to modify my first conception of the paper. On one point I was never willing to yield. A sane life must be a whole life. A political movement, however resolute it may be, impoverishes itself if it closes eyes and ears to the intellectual and aesthetic life around it. "Beauty," I wrote in an early defense of this attitude, "may seem an irrelevance amid our struggles, yet by beauty we form ourselves, as surely as by struggle, and only in so far as we possess it and allow it to mold us, shall we, by our struggles, bend a twisted world to shapelier lines." And so, week by week, an annoyance to some, a satisfaction to many, the wood-engravings, the poems, the essays, and the scientific articles have appeared.

The last of my many pleasures as editor is to thank the friends who have worked with me. . . . And then, if the paper has done something to shape our political thinking, it is to its band of contributors that we owe it. . . .

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